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BONANZA RULE

1776

1883



ILLUSTRATED



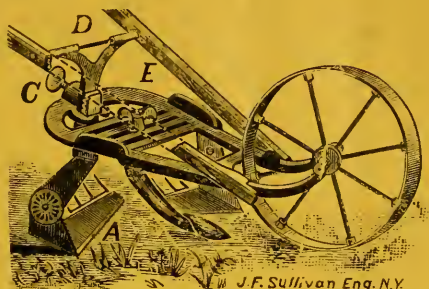
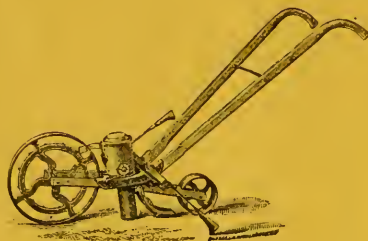
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BONANZA RULE

ILLUSTRATED.

ALSO "BRICK" POMEROY'S CONFESSIONS. A SPIRIT REVELATION.

BY S. H. BIRDSALL,

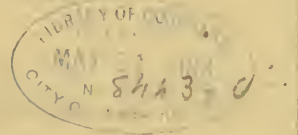
AUTHOR OF THE

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The cut on the cover represents Senators *en route* to Washington, and how they traveled,
Both in 1776 and 1883.

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THE PURITANS.

1620.

From priestly intolerance over the sea
The Puritan fathers determined to flee;
And manfully breasted the waves of the ocean,
Preferring e'en perils to life-long commotion.
Now braving rough breakers on waters untried,
Now fighting with savages, whom they defied;
Fully determined oppression to shun,
And conquer the object for which they begun.
They struggled with obstacles, destiny, fate,
To govern the country, and build up the State.
The child grew quickly to act like a sage,
And learned in his boyhood the lessons of age.
And skilled in the arts pertaining to peace,
When father declined, the son took his place.
The path of the pilgrim beset and harrassed,
Was shaded with sorrow wherever he passed,
And murderous savages—barbarons—wild,
Threatened the father, the mother and child;
And sorrow still lacking to fill their cup full,
Was freely supplied by old Johnnie Bull.
The people grew sullen and Britains so gruff,
That war was the consequence—war sure enough—
The Tories and Hessians all fought with a will,
Till badly defeated at prond Bunker Hill;
In subsequent battles they acted less brave,
And fled from the Yankees, their bacons to save.
Victory perching at last on our banners,
Taught the intruders a lesson in manners.
But the demon of slavery haunted the land,
Creating disturbance on every hand; and
Threatened at length the life of the nation,
Breeding corruption and low degradation,

Till the war tocsin sounded a thousand alarms,
Calling American brothers to arms.
At Sumpter the booming of cannon was heard,
And quickly the soul of the nation was stirred,
Till brother to brother and father to son,
Presented a bayonet, sabre or gun.
The bloodiest battles continued for years
Filling the country with mourning and tears.
The Rebels, at length, convinced of their folly,
Footsore and weary, fired their last volley ;
Slavery dead, and the nation reclaimed,
The cradle of liberty proudly remained.
And serf-ridden governments, over the sea,
Stood blessing America, happy and free ;
And soldiers and citizens joined to prolong
The sound of the singing and joy of the song ;
While millions of freemen united to say,
"Thrice happy our country," the voice of their lay,
"The land of the free and the home of the brave,
'Neath the folds of her banner there breathes not a slave ;



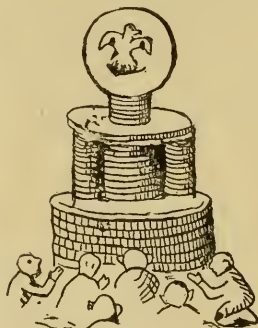
And Liberty's goddess stands over the graves
Of soldiers and sailors, and proudly she waves
The star spangled banner in triumph o'erhead,
To honor the names of our patriot dead ;
And long may it wave on the land and the sea,
The flag of a country united and free.
Proud flag of our country, long, long may it wave

O'er the home of the free, BUT NEVER THE SLAVE
 And the new seventy-six in the drama of time,
 Hand down to the ages a record sublime.
 And the millions that people Columbia's shore,
 Unite in proud anthems of praise to adore
 The grandeur and strength of a nation that's free,
 Whose ensign the emblem of freedom shall be."

1883.

"It was a glorious happy day,"
 The patriot fathers used to say,
 "When Columbia prudently
 Ruled with righteous dignity;
 Her banner from the mast or tree
 Floated o'er the land and sea.
 And on each fair and ample fold
 These words were traced as if in gold:
 "All laws must be for equity,
 Administered in purity."
 By statesmen all the laws were framed,
 Nor was corruption ever named.
 Man was neighbor, friend and brother,
 And this one strove to help the other,
 To conquer in the busy strife,
 The crying ills of human life.
 The ship of state ran safely, guided
 By honest hand, and chart provided;
 Nor wrecks were seen along the strand,
 Which stretched away on either hand:
 Their captain schooled to perfect skill,
 Had learned his chart—the people's will—
 Not so in these our later times;
 When men are honored for their crimes.
 The venal crew who legislate,
 Apostate are—degenerate.
 The story must be told with shame,
 How these for pay, and those for fame,
 Have bartered human rights so bold,
 And sold the people out for gold.
 It was a base and wicked crime,
 Effects of which may last through time.
 The people's choice to immolate,

Selecting ghouls to rule to State.
We sing again, oh! sad refrain,
And tears should flow like falling rain.
The people were like cattle sold,
For "silver threads among the gold."
Unlike Lycurgus, good and true,
A patriot ever, through and through,
Who served his country and her cause
By teaching virtue and just laws;
For freedom's sake engaged in strife,
And for the same surrendered life;
Attaining thus the lofty station,
Of saviour to his home and nation.
These venal men who worship self,
Sell all their votes for gold and pelf.



We are Idolaters.

They bow to wealth, virtue berate,
And trade the choicest gifts of State,
As auctioneers the world around
Sell paltry toys wherever found.
Cheap hucksters they in wretched plight,
Forgetful both of truth and right;
In imitation of the clown,
Devoid of greatness or renown.
Whisky drinking chiefest pleasure,
They revel in their stolen treasure,
Such follow meekly—wealth directs,
Each thankful for the pay he gets.
Could Washington from Heaven return,
With scorn his patriot soul would burn;
One so unused to sights impure,



Never could the shock endure.
And Jefferson, whose wisdom framed
The Constitution and ordained
A government so free for all,
How could he view the thieves so small,
And keep within the pale of reason—
They contemplating wholesale treason—
The class of men (?) who legislate,
Make such a fearful wreck of State?
Old Hickory, too, could he draw near,
And learn the plans and plottings queer,
Of politicians in our day
What would the hero think and say?
Things are so changed and in a mix,
Compared with times of seventy-six:
His bitter words like pelting hail,
Methinks would public sin assail,
Until the people, sick of faction,

Should rouse themselves to timely action
Against the caucus—NEST OF CRIMES,
Run by the schemers of the times,
Till politicians, quite outdone,
Should take the hint—get up and run,



And money kings in meaner plight
Should flee before the people's might.
And Henry Clay, who sits above
'Mid scenes of purity and love,
Could he look downward from the skies,
What dreadful sights would greet his eyes.
Our sons and daughters, WHAT DISGRACE—
THE PROGENY OF SAXON RACE—
Driven out of place and out of home,
And then compelled as tramps to roam,
At beck of Shylock—base pretender—
The ancient cruel money lender;
Because in truth his purchased laws
Have undermined the people's laws.
Abe Lincoln, too, the sainted martyr,
Could he behold men trade and barter
The offices and gifts of State,
He would indeed the thieves berate,
And raise his voice for prompt relief
To all the millions bowed with grief:
And then with sorrow speak again,
Repeating o'er in sad refrain.

The TRUTH that many hero's tried
To free the land, but fell and died;
Who never, while in bloody strife,
To save the nation's sacred life,
Had seen the end with evils fraught,
Nor grasped the all important thought,
That with the freedom to the slave,
OUR COUNTRY TO THE RICH WE GAVE:
With all the blessings of the land,
Reaching out on every hand,
And all the hidden wealth untold,
Of silver ore as well as gold.
And after telling other things,
Would turn his talk to money kings.
"Bonanza kings, ye rich and great,
Who long have managed things of state;
How can you longer take the blame
Of giving freedom but in name
To all the millions—toiling masses—
Who bow to you and cringe like asses.
Soon men will write of all of you,
That ye are but a thieving crew.
A moment pause! and lend an ear
To all the mutterings—railings queer—
Of voters who have taken fright,
By reason of your lordly plight;
Because, in truth, they understand
The very laws which ye demand:
Kings must make of two or three,
And from serfdom brave men flee."
That men are free, "of right should be,"
Does scarcely with the times agree;
'Tis now "the coat of model shape,"
NOT REAL WORTH "the man must make;"
For see, 'tis known throughout the land,
And heralded on every hand,
Get all the gold by stealth you can;
Get gold by good or evil plan.
"Ill fares the land," the bard has said,
And all men feel the truth with dread,
"To hastening ills an easy prey,
When riches grow and men decay."

Alas! how sadly true of late—
See Colorado's awful fate—
That wealth alone, not statesmanship
The State can rule with hellish grip;
Monopolies their laws enforce,
And every year keep getting worse;
While virtue lags to rear of van,
And Satan gets the hindmost man.

PICTURE OF LIFE.

How strange is the picture presented—how rife
With traces of sorrow to millions in life;
Whom, lest they get money by fraud or by luck,
Their lives present simply a RUSTLE FOR CHUCK.
Lecturers tell us to trust for the bread,
Which Shylock is holding just over our head;
Some tell it in earnest, repeat it in tears,
While others, base cowards, have doubted for years.
We gladly would take it as wholesome advice,
But strongly it savors of Shylock's device,
While pastors and people his methods defend.
He, trebling his income, has money to lend.
Could all the world see in this picture presented,
The FAILURE OF LIVES therein represented,
Not preachers, no lawyers, apostles pretended,
Could flatter them Asses and keep them contented.
The object and end, our country's grand mission,
We never shall see (I speak with contrition)
Till all of the millions who labor for bread,
Discarding false teachers, with sense in their head,
To thought and new effort, their lives all devote,
And carefully husband that treasure, the VOTE.

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JOTTINGS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

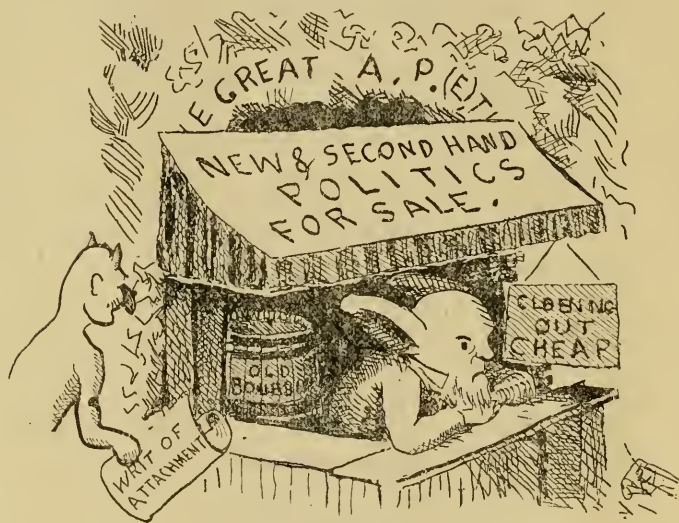
S. H. BIRDSALL, Medium *pro tem*.

Last night, while sleeping sound in bed,
A spirit rapped so near my head,
It roused me out of sleep profound;
And then I listened to the sound.
It rapped, and tapped, and rapped again,
Until I spelled "Brick" Pomeroy's name.
"You've lived in Denver," said my guest,
"And known the sage of the Great West."
"I have indeed, said I in fear,
But what the deuce has brought you here?"
"I've come to tell you news I think
Of Pomeroy's passage o'er the Drink."
"I fear you're joking," then I said.
He answered, "Nay, poor 'Brick' is dead.
Business troubles played him out—
Though people said he had the gout."
"You'd scarcely think," again gouth he,
"That his own spirit speaks with thee."
"But all the same," said he, the elf,
"I'm Pomeroy's spirit, I myself."
And then he told me o'er and o'er,
His business failures by the score.
Here, briefly then, is what he said,
In loud, clear raps, close to my head:
"For twenty years, or less, or more,
When you were dressed in pinafore,
I made a living—what a sell—
Repeating jokes just made to tell.
Old musty things, I told them o'er,
Just as, you see, I'd done before
Ten thousand times, in days of yore,
From out the stock I held in store.
When came the war, for a quite a time

I played it double—played it fine—
With power from officers of State
To raise one regiment or eight,
I spent my time now doing that,
Then editing the DEMOCRAT—
Its pages filled with Rebel cant—
Eclipsing everthing blatant.
(I made it peppery, understand,)
And sent it thus throughout the land
Where the cotton thrives in breezes bland.
This two-faced business I allowed
Would bring me money from the crowd;
And so it did without a doubt,
'Till Union soldiers found me out.
They threatened death to the deceiver;
Would throw my press into the river;
And thus almost before I knew it,
There plans were fixed to make me rue it.
Thence to New York my steps I wended,
And fierce with Tammany contended
For a share of spoils, and made demand
For thirty thousand paid in hand;
With this—to me a very “bar'l”—
I got into a party snarl,
And here I'll tell you in my ditty
Of failures at Chicago city;
Then how I busted at La Crosse,
And how I failed as party Boss;
Then with my partner after that
I fought till business tumbled flat.
When caught in such a dreadful plight,
I sought for refuge in far flight,
And traveled westward day and night
Until I came to far off Denver,
Where first they called me “ARCH PRETENDER.”
The lecture field then next I entered,
And all my energy I centered
To tell my plans—the same defining—
For getting rich at “paper mining.”
I traveled over vale and mountain,
Dispensing “gas” as from a fountain;
But for my folly thus bestowing,

A pittance was my only showing.
And here again how hard I tried,
But business failures multiplied.
I purchased holes made in the ground,
And spread ten thousand lies around
About the riches I had found.
I started scores of enterprises,
To see them end as hugh disgnises.
For years I tried and tried again
To raise the wind, but tried in vain;
All enterprises went the same,
Leaving nothing but a name.
My name I LOANED to every plan
Proposed by company or man,
For gaining rich bonanza prizes.
By means of sundry new devices.
Sometimes I piled it on too thick
And made my VERDANT patrons sick;
As all who on my word relied,
Were disappointed and they sighed.
I gave protection—by my word—
To workingmen—the common herd—
Their earnings held, and did it well,
And now 'tis hard to hear them tell
That I had given to my wife
Their cash, and thus stir up a strife:
And then again, to hear them say,
That she had stored it all away
For usefulness some rainy day:
Or, she had builded mansions great,
The finest found within the State,
And just because we lived in fashion,
The ill-bred crew flew in a passion
And threatened me with hempen rope,
At sight of which I lost all hope.
Just then I tunneled through a mountain,
A passage way for train or fountain;
I made the great Atlantic tunnel
And ran it straight (?) as any funnel.
This proved to me a very strike
Nor human ever saw the like;
By thousands daily came the gold,

Nor yet can half the truth be told ;
Thousands of stock were sold—let's see!
Two hundred thousand, or else three ;
And, but that Hugo played the deuce,
The cash had been to me of use.
Alas! for me, that business craze
Fired my brain into a blaze.
Oh, Hugo! Hugo! how in time
Can you atone for all your crime?
I had faint hope until that day,
Could I have had my own sweet way,
That I could buy a place and station,
As senator within the nation.
Alas! too much to luck I've trusted,
And find at last my hope is busted.



A POLITICAL HUCKSTER.

As an expert at turning my coat now and then,
Old partners commended me over all men,
A self-chosen leader and full of vain pranks,
I never would march to a tune in the ranks;
A Bourbon I was at one time you see,
When it fattened me most a Bourbon to be;
Then raving around like a country bushwhacker,
I, turning about, became a Greenbacker.
Next to prove myself Christain, high-minded, forgiving,

I voted Republican, true as you're living;
That ticket I voted for principle, surely,
Then quickly came out as a mongrelite purely.
Attempting one other departure, dear me!
Has branded me plainly, as all men can see,
Political Huckster, the worst of my class,
And meanest appearing—a played out jackass.



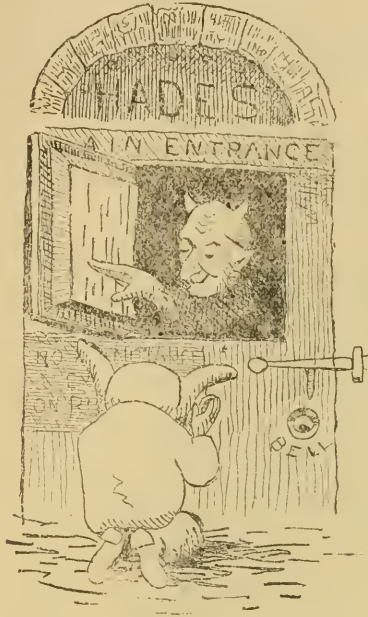
'Political Huckster!' I'll carry the brand
To the very last day I shall live in the land:
A Bourbon I started way back in the past,
And a cringing old Bourbon I'll die at the last."

I BLAMED POOR HUGO.

"Last year when'er I voted crooked
I blamed poor Hugo, and he took it;
Thus getting hold I tried the same,
(You understand, I tried the game)
Of laying business blame on Preyer.
In this I failed of my desire.
For Hugo, still on mischief bent,
And burning with his foul intent,
Threw my fat into the fire,
By calling me a willful liar.
I railed at Hugo, slandered him,
And said his name was synonym
For all the evils born of sin;

Said he had ruined 'Monte stock,'
Which tumbled with tremendous shock—
Blamed him for the fall of 'Standard,'
And cruelly his name I slandered,
For selling 'Buckeye' stock too low,
And thus on him all blame did throw.
His every act of covert fraud,
I spread it quickly all abroad;
I even said he was a knave,
And thus I tried myself to save.
When ruin faced me everywhere;
It turned my brain, I do declare!
Thus when I lost my grip and name
Here to the spirit land I came.
My character—so people wrote—
I murdered first, then cut my throat;"
Said I, "Now, 'Brick,' just tell your mind,
Since all the scenes you've been behind,
And let me know what you have found,
While you the spirit world around
Have traversed in your aerial flights,
Whether good or evil sights,
Whether ghosts or angels bright,
There, brought you dread or pure delight.
I asked him what he thought to-day
Of others who had passed away,
And left no record prose or rhyme
To show how spirits spend their time."
"Alas!" said he, "'tis here as there,
The spirits shun me everywhere.
I called, one day, to say regards
To Satan and his dusky pards;
But found the doors all closed with bars,
And to myself I said: 'MY STARS!
Will Devils shun me like the rest?
Where out of hell shall I be blest!'
Just then old Nick stuck out his head,
And in his face I quickly read
The stern rebuke, which came too soon,
As well as my impending doom;
I prayed, 'O, Nick! do let me in?'
He smiling answered: 'That's too thin.

Your CHARACTER I can't impeach;
But to be plain, you're such a leech.
Too long I've sheltered such as thee,



Go quickly, go, I bid you, flee!
I fear you'd ruin all my legions,
Should I admit you in my regions:
Besides, you see, it wouldn't pay,
For business chances day by day
Are growing less. Take my advice,
Be off, you sinner, in a trice.' "

THE DEVIL'S APOLOGY.

"Here scores of good fellows, lawyers and judges,
Sit down at their ease and laugh between nudges,
To think of the farmers and miners—the geese—
Whose plethoric pockets, whenever they please,
Year after year by their wits they can fleece.
Then following doctors come some who can preach,
Each one in his calling—forgive me—a leech.
Then on come a motley crowd—tramps by the score—
All skilled in the leeching, like those on before;

Bankers and merchants, beer venders ahead,
All looking for pelf, and each trying to lead,
And when the whole force of them here represented,
Are fed by my people until they're contented,
What's left for the scribbler, what think ye, old pard?
Except a lean bone or a crust that is hard."

BUT, TO MY STORY AGAIN.

"When Satan saw my bitter grief,
As if to offer slight relief,
He said: 'Why not Saint Peter try?'
The wicked elf, what hope had I,
Since for a place in Hell I'd striven,
How could I take, e'en though 'twere given,
The darkest corner up in Heaven?
Of the whole truth this is the gist—
I've been both rogue and egotist:
And now, alas, 'tis late relenting,
But duty calls for this repenting.
I've slandered good men all my life,
And sought delight in making strife;
I'm justly called a base deceiver,
Because I've lied on Jimmy Weaver.
And now a message I will send,
In some degree to make amend
For all the baneful, cruel loss
My deeds have cost the Greenback cause.
I'll try at least to SEEM SINCERE,
And HUMBUG thus the spirits here;
Just as I used to do down there,
When spreading falsehoods everywhere.
Here is the message full and true,
And 'tis the last from me to you."

THE SPIRIT MESSAGE.

A Compliment to Weaver.

A Weaver's beam is in the air,
Look out 'twill fall most anywhere,
The wielder deems it best.
The heads he hits will surely ache,
The hearts he's won for freedom's sake,
Will spread the light till all partake

Of equal laws and—rest,
Rest from the pillage of the few,
Rest from the laws a thieving crew
Have fastened on to us.
Rest from the scourge of money kings.
Rest from incorporated THUGS and RINGS,
Rest from the ills of all those things
Which now oppress us.
And last the sage and sainted Martyr,
Read what the press said of the matter.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

One said old "Brick" had been a sinner,
Another, the world will be the winner,
A third declared Pomeroy has busted,
A fourth; he never could be trusted.
Pomeroy pays nor cares a sniff
At hand of whom, though he be sheriff,
It matters not for time or manner,
"Brick" always pays, so reads his banner.

MY RAILROAD SCHEME.

A railroad up the rugged height,
Upward, upward, out of sight
I built to reach my A.-P. tunnel,
Its course as straight as any gunwale
I laid my plans, and, quick as thought,
The work o'er rugged steepes was wrought.
The scheme is new and may seem queer,
And possibly some fools may sneer,
Because in truth 'tis quite too soon
To build a railroad to the moon;
But I am bound, with skillful hand
To build to moon or spirit land.

THE SPREAD EAGLE.

Unlike the grey eagle, proud king of the sky,
"With storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
High mounts the dead monster, Pomeroy the composer,
Most brilliant in thought, but a crafty bull-dozer
From soaring aloft at the dizziest hight,
He strangely descends to the meanest plight,
Berating good measures, as all men well know,
In conduct he likens the carrion crow,
With tallons so monstrous, his pen for a bill,
He floats on huge pinions at wild fancy's will,
And perches aloft on some vast mountain peak,
From whence downward gazing for prey he doth seek;
Thence earthward he plunges to less dizzy height,
Till some putrid carcass appears to his sight,
And from its worst filth he there takes a bite,
And every foul stench his pen thus discloses,
His paper thrust under a HALF DOZEN NOSES.
And now an old story just here I'll relate,
From which a good lesson Old Brick Dust may take.
A clumsy old animal, once on a time,
(It's told as a fable, not given in rhyme,)
In lion skin frightful, manouvered so bold;
Thousands were frightened, both the young and the old.
In broad, open lane or busiest street,
Fear fell upon all he there chanced to meet,
Thus wildly he capered for many long years,
Till careless at last he showed his huge ears.
Then all of the timid ones, ten times a score,
Got after the fraud with multitudes more.
The people all beat him with clubs, rocks and sticks,
And made him a target for ten thousand bricks;
Played the skin from his back, cut off his lop ears,
And crippled the monster for months and for years.
Of all shabby creatures, he worst of his class,

The meanest appeared—a played out jackass.
Thus “Brick” as a writer ought never to be
A donkey concealed, as all men can see,
A high moral motive he ever should have,
And erring ones ever be trying to save.

SLAVES ARE THEY.

“Slaves are they who dare not be
In the right with two or three.”

Slaves are they unfit to live
Who dare not choose in life to give
The choicest work of head and hand
To further freedom in the land.

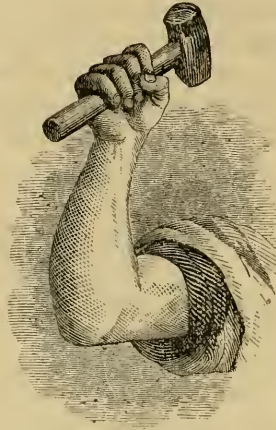
Slaves are they who shout and sing
The praises of some party ring.

Slaves are they to greatness lost
Who cling to wrong at country’s cost.

Slaves are they, fit but to die,
Who day by day work on the sly,
To help vile rogues and party bosses,
No matter what the nation’s losses.

A MAN’S A MAN FOR A’ THAT.

How often the casket of daintiest plan
Contains neither gizzard nor soul of a man.
When elected to places of honor and trust,
Such show in their make-up nothing but dust.
Of dignified bearing they show quite enough,
While lacking all manlier, sturdier stuff.
The scratch of their pen costs a five or a ten,
But when it comes theirs to pay, how is it then?
O Mores, tempores, O, customs and times,
What other mean words shall I use in my rhymes
To express my abhorrence, contempt and disdain,
For creatures of fashion, these things they call men.



LABOR SONG.

TUNE, MARCHING ALONG.

Workmen are gathe'ring from near and afar,
Shylock has sounded the call for a war,
Thousands of bankers, a unit their cause,
By "Pooling their issues" are making our laws.

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
For truth and the right we are marching along,
"The banks they must go" be our watchword and song,
For truth and the right we are marching along.

Old parties respond to the last vile request
The echo resounds through the East and the West,
"The Greenback must go" is the cry loud and strong—
Sherman gave the key-note and Hayes sang the song.

"The banks they must go" with thier liv'ry and bonds.
When workmen arise bearing banners with songs:
They shall rise in their might, rise an army millions strong
For truth and the right they'll be marching along.

When gold coin and Shylock in fright fled away
The greenback stood by us in war's darkest day;
It paid off the soldier his every demand,
And surely deserves now a place in the land.

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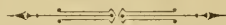
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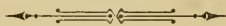


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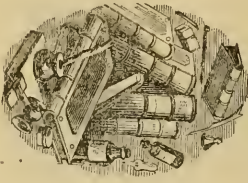
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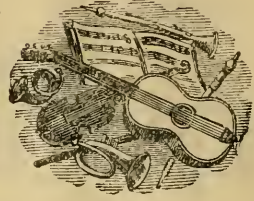
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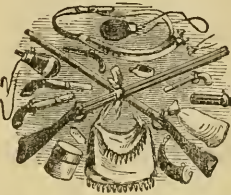
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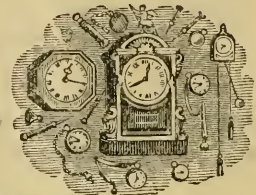
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